OVER THE BANISTERS.

Over the banister leans a face, Tender and full of meaning. I see her still, with a dainty grace, Over her banjo leaning, While by her side I watch her hand Over the soft notes straying, Weaving her face, as I idly stand, Into the tune she is playing.

The light burns dim in the great square room Nobody else is listening; But through the dusk of the twilight gloom Somebody eyes are glistening. Broken strains of song are blown

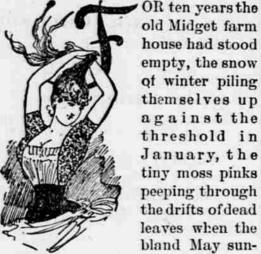
Over her half-turned shoulder, "Holds her fingers and draws her down, Suddenly growing bolder.

The rest is lost in a soft low note;

What does it mean, I wonder? But up from the banjo seems to float The song of the sweet lip's plunder-The question asked, and the swift caress And the "yes" that comes from the landing What is it, I wonder, that makes me guess She looks up at me where I am standing?

What does she mean by the soft low tune And the words she is faintly humming? Why does she start again so soon The banjo's empty strumming? Sitting there singing an idle rhyme, With the soft light o'er her steaming, Is she only trying to pass the time And am I but a fool for my dreaming? -Boston Transcript.

THE CAPTAIN'S SHAWL



themselves up January, the hued fabric. tiny moss pinks bland May sun-

shine came; and when, one day, Capt. Ezekiel Midget was seen sitting on a ed. wooden milking stool, smoking his pipe, in front of the open door, the neighborhood all opened their eyes.

"Jest come back from the east," said Deacon Robbins.

"Been a-livin' with pashas and effendis," said John Jenks, who had once heard a lecture on the east.

"Makin' his fortune, I calculate," observed Billy Thaxter.

shrewd Mr. Munday. "He's got on it to five hundred. the very same identickle coat he wore when he went away; I'd know them horn buttons if I was to see 'em in Jerusalem. And he hain't refurnished to signify; and there sutt'nly ain't been no attempt to mend the broken fences, nor patch up the stun walls on the place.'

Capt. Midget had commanded the Nancy Belle, a fishing schooner which cruised from Maine to Florida, and during one of his voyages he had fallen in with the captain of a Turkish vessel, and allowed himself to be tempted into the far regions of the

golden east. After that all record ceased, except that now and then a rumor floated back of the captain's having been seen by stray travelers, seated cross-legged on a cushion, smoking a prodigious chibouque, in the companionship of turbaned dignitaries and salaaming slaves!

bear no testimony.

"I did stay east a spell," was all that he would say, "but I can't say

I liked it." The captain's favorite niece Lucy

Ostrom, came down from Bidding-

from what they be," said the thankless mariner.

said Mrs. Ostrom. "And Nathan would just as lief come down and live | Squire Gripps. here, as to work in the shoe factory at Biddingham.'

A sharp attack of genuine Connecticut rheumatism accentuated Mrs. Ostrom's advice, and Capt. Ezekiel made no further objection to the

"I guess I'll let her have her own

"Uncle, is it true?" Mrs. Ostrom

asked, one day. "Is what true?" retorted the old man, slowly, rubbing his swelled fin-

gers with pine scented liniment. "About your having a genuine when she returned home. cashmere shawl that once belonged to a great beguin in Wahwallah, in

"Yes, it's true," said Capt. Ezekiel.
"Oh, uncle, where is it?"

"I left it in the bonded warehouse in New York," answered the old man. "Was it very pretty, uncle?"

"Wal, it wasn't bad to look at." Mrs. Ostrom's bright blue eyes

"How I should like to see it!"

"Guess likely you would!" was the dry rejoinder. "Uncle!"

"What are you going to do with

Capt. Ezekiel screwed up his face. sold at auction at Biddingham, Fri- cent, and it's the real begum shawl, day week," he answered, slowly. "It Lucy, my gal. And it's yourn!" orter'd fetch a deal o' money, that Mr. Ostrom put on his spectacles shawl. It's all sorts o'colors, and to stare at it. Mrs. Ostrom burst that fine ye can dror it through a into tears. weddin ring, it so be ye're a mind

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Ostrom. The fame of the begum's shawl spread all through the place. Every but secretly determined to put a bid reached home.

for the treasure.

luck this year, Nathan," said Mrs. mine!" said she. Ostrom, with tears in her eyes. "I'd ha' liked that 'ere shawl.'

"Well, well, Lucy, 'tain't every-body can have what they want in selor Jenkins informed him, hadn't a this world," said honest Nathan. But in his secret heart he deter-

Her brother, Squire Samuel Gripps, also made the same resolve.

"Lucy shall hev that shawl if money'll buy it!" said he. "She's always wanted a shawl. Mis' Gripps, she's too short and stout for that sort of thing, or else I guess she'd strike for the begum's shawl, too."

Printed circulars relating the eastern treasure were tacked up on all the corner stores and upon the trees in front of the school houses, churches and toll gates, and when at last the all important day arrived, there was a crowd almost equal to that which was wont to assemble on the occasion of camp meetings and circuses.

Squire Samuel Gripps had author-ized Bela Smith to bid on his behalf. Mr. Ostrom, unwilling to be identified by his wife, engaged little Miss Peck, the dressmaker, to represent his interests.

Other householders, maidens and matrons, were there assembled, each house had stood and all determined to possess themempty, the snow | selves of the scented Oriental treasof winter piling ure, which they then beheld for the

A visible thrill passed through the against the throng as Jethro Dumbleby, the vilthreshold in lage auctioneer, held up the richly

"Come, genelmen an ladies," bawled Jethro, "here's a shawl worn by peeping through the lady of the president o' them the drifts of dead | eastern kentries an' worth its weight leaves when the in gold! Here's the Begum Radjee's shawl! Look at it-feel it. Come, genelmen an' ladies, who'll start the begum's shawl as it orter be start-

> "Fifty dollars!" bawled Dr. Drummond, who was supposed to have made a fortune in natural gas in Pennsylvania.

"Sixty!" hoarsely shouted Mr. Mudge, the dry goods man.
"Seventy!" piped Miss Peck.
"Eighty!" yelled Bela Smith.
From this the bidding ran up, after a most spirited fashion, to twothree-four hundred dollars. There it stood for awhile, until Dr. Drum-"Don't look much like it," said mond, with a desperate effort, raised

Mr. Mudge whispered with his wife, and nodded to the auctioneer to make

Miss Peck withdrew, in obedience to a dispirited signal from Mr. Ostrom. "Seven hundred" said the squire in bold defiance of Mrs. Gripps' negative shakes of the head.

"Seven hundred and fifty," said Mr. Jenkins of Jenkins Hall. "One-thou-sand!" bawled Nico-

demus Slote, a recently prosperous resident, who had built a rubber factory in the ravine under the hill.

A dead silence fell on all the crowd. With one accord they stared at Mr. Slote, who stood there sleek, smooth shaven and smiling, his hat on the century costume.

"One thousand dollars is bid for this priceless treasure!" said Jethro Dumbleby. "Who'll give me more! But of all this the captain would It's given away at one thousand dollars, actually given away. I'm waitin to hear some one say eleven hundred?"

But no one uttered the magic words. The begum's shawl was knocked down to Nicodemus Slote at \$1,000. Its ham to live with him, and settle his rich dyes and sandal wood scented folds were extinguished in a quaint "I don,t want things no different eastern box, fastened together by odd ivory rings, and carried off by Mr. Slote in a ponderous close car-"Oh, but you can't live so, uncle!" riage, drawn by two shining horses. "I declare, it is too bad," said

Mr. Ostrom sighed and turned

"A thousand dollars is a thousand dollars," said he, "but I would have admired to see Lucy wearin' of that

Mrs. Slote appeared in church the "Lucy's a good creetur'," said he. next Sunday wrapped in the historic garment. Her strut was that of an overfed turkey hen; her aquiline nose seemed to plow the air like the bow of some aerial boat.

Mrs. Ostrom had on her faded black beaver jacket, worn shinny at the seams. She was rather low spirited

"Mrs. Slote did look lovely in that shawl," said she.

"Humph!" remarked Mr. Ostrom, "I can't fancy Lovisy Slote lookin' lovely in anything.'

"Would you like a shawl, Lucy?" asked Capt. Ezekiel, looking with a kindly regard at his niece. Mrs. Ostrom admitted that she

The captain went upstairs to his trunk, and brought down a flat par-

"Well," said he, "here's the ginooine begum's shawl for you, Lucy. Tother shawl was one I got of a dealer in the Punjee valley-no great account, anyway, although I allow it was cheap at a thousand dollars. "Wal, I was calculatin' to hev it This 'ere's wuth five if it's wuth a

captain. And Mrs. Ostrom's shawl so far

"To think o' that Ostrom woman | Free Press.

"It's too bad you've had such ill wearin' a handsomer shawl than "I'll hev the law of 'em!" cried Nic-

odemus.

leg to stand on." "The one he bought was a begum mined to draw his slender balance shawl safe enough," said Capt. Ezeout of the Biddingham Savings bank, kiel, "but it wasn't the begum's one of our boys had killed his broth. and have a try for the prize coveted | shawl. I never said it was, did I?"so ardently by his hard worked wife. Helen Forrest Graves in Philadelphia Saturday night.

Curious Feat of the Wind.

J. R. Love spent Sunday at his farm, near Christiana, and it was there that the incident occurred during the high wind on Wednesday night, February

Mr. James J. Hodge is a tenant on Mr. Love's farm and lives with his four children, one a grown-up daughter, in a little two-room frame house, 32x17 feet in size. He says that near midnight he heard the house creaking like it was about to fall to pieces, then there was a jar and all was still. The children cried out in alarm, and he jumped out of ted to find that the house had been lifted from its foundations by the wind, carried about five feet beyond them and deposited flat

upon the ground. The house was not injured and not an article in it was broken. A lamp that was placed on the mantlepiece was not thrown down.

The next day the neighbors gathered and raised the house and placed the foundation stones under it where it stood, and the family is still living there as heretofore.

The house is a well built little structure, ceiled with pine planks .- Nashville American.

Bridging the Bosporus.

Encouraged, no doubt, by the suc. cess of the bridge across the Forth, engineers are now considering the Times. equally great scheme of a bridge across the Bosporus, thus connecting Europe and Asia and their present and future railway systems. The Turkish newspaper Hakikat gives Juror Baker for four days, says an some particulars of this project apropos of an offer by a French syndicate to build a bridge of 800 meters in length and 70 meters high between was reached leaked out. Early Roumeli and Anatoli Hissar. The Thursday morning a dejected set of striking feature of the bridge would men gathered in the jury-room, Bakbe that it would consist of one span, and thus, although of much shorter length than the Forth bridge, it is described as a greater work, because its single span exceeds in length by one-half the longest span of the Forth bridge. The Anatolian railway, it is thought, will make the construction of such a bridge a necessary and feasible undertaking before many years .- St. James' Gazette.

He Saved Her Life.

Miss Susannah Warfield, by her will filed at Westminster, lett \$100 to Mr. Julius A. Hood, formerly Balback of his head, his hands thrust in- timore and Ohio telegraph operator to his pockets-Midasin a Nineteenth at Sykesville, now at Mount Airy switch. This money was left to Mr. Hood to show her appreciation of his bravery when he once saved her life at Sykesville. It was about seven years ago. Miss Warfield was going to Baltimore and had to cross both tracks to get to the platform. She was in the middle of the east bound track and the passenger train was coming along. Mr. Hood was in his office a short distance away and saw the danger. The train was then only go. about 100 yards away, and she could not hear it. Mr. Hood ran and caught her and carried her off the track. The engine came so close to her that it touched her dress. It was a very narrow escape, and Miss Warfield often expressed her high appreciation of Mr. Hood's bravery. -Baltimore American.

A Rare Accomplishment.

One of the best known society women in the city has a rare and wonderful accomplishment. "I don't sing, or talk, or do any of the clever things of the day," she said recently, "but I can make more hideous faces and ing. Fishing or other vessels return more of them than any person in with a flag at half-mast to announce New York, I am certain. Just watch | the loss or death of some of the men. me." Then she began. On the in- If the president of the United States stant a hideously ugly face appear- goes affoat the American flag is cared where the pretty one had been a ried in the bow of his barge or hoistmoment before. Then it was sad, ed at the main of the vessel on board then comic, then grotesque, old, of which he is. crooked, wicked, malformed, simpering, everything in a few moments ex- and is often used by revolutists. In cept its own natural, sweet self.

said, with a laugh, as her face settled discharging her powder. into repose. "I took it up when I was a young girl just for fun, and the After a battle parties from both sides amusement it has been to my friends often go out to the field to rescue the has led me to keep it up ever since in wounded and bury the dead under spite of its lack of dignity."-New the protection of a white flag. York Evening Sun.

What Did the Man Want?

A man went into a pancake restaurant on Griswold street and said to the waiter girl:

"Bring me an order of hot cakes, From the Boston Herald. one at a time, and hurry up."

The girl brought a plate of hot street car you are expected, before cakes, and as he ate them had another taking your seat, to bow hat in hand "Why," cried she, "it's beau-ti-ful! one ready. This she did six or eight to your fellow passengers, none of Mrs. Slote's can't hold a candle to it!" times, each relay being dispatched whom you have ever before seen. "I guess not," shrewdly spoke the with relish. At the last he threw Arrived at your destination, you down his knife and fork.

woman in Bidding Center had some outshone Mrs. Slote's, that night at bass: "bring me something to eat. the conductor, and, with a polite question to ask, or some statement church, that the latter lady went in- I don't want to swallow batter and inclination of the head, take leave of to make in regard to it. Not a soul to violent hysterics as soon as he syrup all day. Anybodyd' think I the driver. And yet Guadalajara is was stuck on pancakes."-Detroit the Boston of Mexico.

Subduing an Indian.

stalked into an Indian school at Albuquerque, New Mexico, one day, The children were immediately terrified, an tremblingly told us he was a 'bad Indian.' They said an uncle of er, and they feared he had come for revenge. As it was dinner-time, I saw nothing better to de dian to have the children marched into the open house to Indians at all times, and treat them as distinguished to take a seat at the table. He sat down, terrible in his war paint, and laid two loaded revolvers before him. The children began to tremble.

said, 'Put those revolvers on the

"The Apache never moved. The cook placed before him a cup of coffee and a bowl of soup.

" 'Take away that coffee and soup,' I commanded, with my heart in my mouth, adding, to the Indian, 'You shall not have them until you put those revolvers on the window.

"Trembling for her life, the cook obeyed. When the Apache saw his dinner removed he deliberately rose, picked up his revolvers, and-shall I ever forget that terrible moment?quietly laid them on the window. His dinner was restored to him. He ate it in silence, and then taking up his property, walked out without a

But this last time, on my way home, as I was waiting in the train at Santa returned with a dozen other braves, as horrible as himself. He introduced them all, and all, must shake hands."

quittal.

here?" asked one in a despairing tone of voice.

"I dunno," replied another. "I've argued with Baker till I'm sick, and I've pleaded with him till I'm plum

sore," said a third.

can never touch the soul of a man DRYSDALE's now, less than misfits in who can take cussin' like he does. Prayers will run off him like water

in prayer," called out the oldest man in the crowd, as he thought of home and the joys awaiting him there. Brother Heath fell on his knees in the jury-room and prayed. He asked that the soul of Baker might be softened and that he might show pity to McGregor and his family. Baker was crying when the prayer ended, and said he was willing to let McGregor

The Language of the Flag.

national colors in token of submis-

be at quarantine, or is the sign of a contagious disease. Dipping the flag is lowering it

slightly and then hoisting it again to salute a vessel or fort. A "flag of truce" is a white flag dis-

played to an enemy to indicate a desire for a parley or consultation. A flag at half-mast means mourn-

The red flag is a sign of defiance our service it is a mark of danger, "It's my one accomplishment," she and shows a vessel is receiving or

The white flag is a sign of peace.

rank and command, the officers using them being called flag officers. Such flags are square to distinguish them from other banners.

Politeness in Mexico.

must rise, smile a friendly farewell to "Look here," he thundered in a deep the car in general, shake hands with

"An Apache, in full war paint

"I summoned all my courage and

"I did not see him again for years. Fe, my terrible Apache, in all his feathers and war paint, got into the car and walked its whole length, as if looking for some one. My blood ran cold. He then left the car and -Harriet Phillips, in Philadelphia

His Heart Softened.

The jury in McGregor murder trial at Warrenton, Ga., was "hung" by Atlanta correspondence of the New York World. How a final decision er still holding out firm against ac-

"Boys, will we ever get out of

tired out," put in another. "I've cussed until my tongue is

"Boys," said Mr. Heath, "There is one thing we haven't tried. We have never prayed for Baker," "That will do no good. Prayers

off a duck's back," was a reply.
"Boys, let's all join Brother Heath

The black flag is a sign of piracy. To "strike a flag" is to lower the

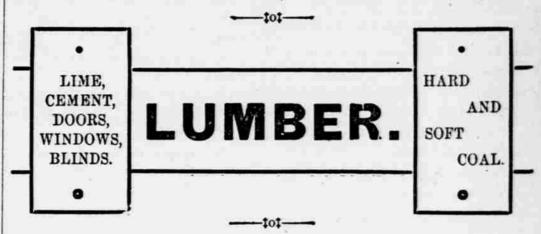
The yellow flag shows a vessel to

Flags are used as the symbol of

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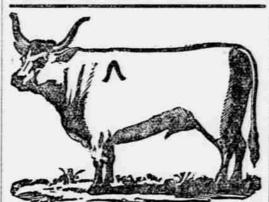
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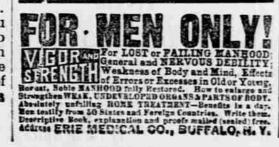


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